Everything is fine

Let thought believe

it is alone at the helm

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Preface

This book is neither a method, nor an answer, nor a path to follow.

It was not written to explain, nor to convince, nor to help you feel better.

It was born from a simple, repeated, ordinary observation: that of a widely shared inner fatigue, which comes not so much from what life demands, but from the way we experience it.

A fatigue linked to the vague idea that we have to carry everything ourselves, understand, decide, succeed, and cope.

This book brings nothing new. It does not seek to correct anything. It offers no exercises, no practices, no conclusions.

It simply puts into simple words a common misunderstanding: seeing ourselves as separate entities, responsible for managing life.

These pages can be read in one go, or closed at any time. There is nothing to remember, nothing to do with them.

If something resonates, it does not call for any follow-up. If nothing resonates, there is nothing to look for.

This book is not a step. It does not open onto anything. It leads nowhere.

It simply accompanies, for a moment, what is already there.

And then life goes on.

Noticing wear and tear

There is a kind of fatigue that does not go away. It does not disappear with sleep, or with holidays, or even with happy moments. It is a dull, diffuse fatigue, often difficult to name.

It is not necessarily physical fatigue. It is more a fatigue of being oneself.

Many people continue to do what needs to be done. They work, respond, organise, take responsibility. They hold on, often much better than they think.

And yet, something is wearing out.
Not in a spectacular way. More like a permanent tension, almost invisible, but never really absent.

There is this feeling of constantly having to decide. Even for simple things. Choosing, anticipating, planning, adjusting.

Deciding what to do. Deciding how to react. Deciding what is right or wrong. Deciding whether to continue or change.

As if life were constantly waiting for a personal response.

Added to this is often the pressure to succeed. Not just socially. To succeed in life. To succeed in relationships. To succeed in finding inner balance.

Even when you don't feel ambitious, even when you're not looking for anything in particular, there is often this vague feeling of having to measure up.

Measure up to what, exactly? The question remains unclear. But the pressure is very real.

There is also the need to understand. Why things are going wrong. Why it's happening again. Why some things are so difficult to change.

Understanding to reassure ourselves. Understanding to repair. Understanding to stop suffering.

And when understanding does not bring relief, it sometimes becomes an additional burden.

Little by little, an even more subtle feeling sets in: that of being alone in the face of all this.

Even when surrounded. Even when loved. Even when supported.

Alone with one's thoughts. Alone with one's choices. Alone with what one must carry inside.

Then an inner phrase appears, often repeated, sometimes barely formulated:

‘I have to get through this.’

Not always in a dramatic way. Sometimes simply as a silent obviousness.

I have to manage. I have to hold on. I have to find a way to get better. I have to do something.

This phrase does not shout. It does not complain. It accompanies.

Day after day. Decision after decision. Effort after effort.
And perhaps that is, in fact, the deepest weariness: living with the constant feeling that there is something to bear alone.

Without necessarily knowing what. Without necessarily knowing how. But with the vague certainty that it rests on you.

If, as you read these lines, something resonates, if it is neither new nor surprising, if it simply resembles what is already there...

then there is nothing more to understand, for now.
Just recognise it.

Naming the misunderstanding

There comes a time when you begin to notice something very simple. Not as a revelation, but as a discreet, almost mundane obviousness.

A habitual way of living.

There are thoughts. They comment, evaluate, anticipate. They say what is right, what is wrong, what should be done differently.

So far, nothing strange.

But little by little, without us realising it, these thoughts take on a special place.

They are no longer content to just pass by. They seem to decide. To guide. To direct.

As if something inside were in control.

This thing doesn't really have a form. It is not always named. But it is felt as a centre.

A ‘self’ that is supposed to manage life.

It is the self that must understand. It is the self that must choose. It is the self that must bear the consequences. It is the self that must find a way out.

This ‘self’ then becomes the permanent point of reference.

When things are going well, it congratulates itself. When things are going badly, it worries or blames itself.

Everything seems to pass through it.

Gradually, confusion sets in. Very subtle.

Thinking becomes almost synonymous with being.

What appears in thought is taken for what one is. Worries become ‘my’ worries. Judgements become “my” judgements. Tensions become ‘my’ tensions.

Thought no longer describes the experience. It seems to carry it.

From there, a particular feeling arises. Not always conscious, but very real.

A feeling of separation.

As if, on the one hand, there were an inner “me” in charge of managing everything...

and on the other, life, the world, others, events.

This is where tension arises.

Not necessarily in what is happening, but in this inner position where something is experienced as separate, responsible, isolated.

Life then becomes something to be faced, understood, mastered, or corrected.

None of this is voluntary. Nothing is consciously chosen.

It is a shift. A habit. A learned way of living.

It is not a fault. It is not a personal error.

It is simply a misunderstanding.

A very human misunderstanding: taking what one thinks for what is.

At this stage, there is nothing to be done about it. Nothing to correct. Nothing to change.

For now, it is enough to see that this way of living exists. Without analysing it. Without fighting it. Without trying to get rid of it.

Just recognising it.

What relaxes

When this misunderstanding is simply seen — not analysed, not fought, not resolved — something begins to relax.

Not in a spectacular way. More like a tension that no longer needs to be maintained.

The inner struggle subsides.

Not because it has been won, but because it no longer really has a reason to exist.

There are no longer as many silent debates. Fewer confrontations with oneself. Fewer incessant comments about what should be different.

Thoughts continue to arise, but they no longer have the same authority.

With that, guilt loses its power.

It doesn't necessarily disappear all at once, but it no longer carries the same weight.

What was going wrong is no longer experienced as a personal fault. Difficulties are no longer interpreted as a personal failure.

It becomes possible to get through a difficult day without judging oneself for it.

The need to correct oneself also begins to fade.

Less effort to improve. Fewer strategies to become something else. Less pressure to measure up.

Not through resignation, but because the inner urgency subsides.

There is no longer that constant feeling that one must fix oneself in order to live.

In everyday life, something becomes simpler.

The actions remain the same. The responsibilities are still there. Relationships continue to have their complexities.

But they are experienced with less inner tension.

Doing what needs to be done without having to carry the additional burden of thinking that everything depends on you.

Emotions flow more freely.

They are no longer interpreted as much. Less commented on. Less transformed into problems to be solved.

Fear can be there without becoming a story. Fatigue can be present without being experienced as a failure.

None of this is a given. Nothing is definitive.

It is simply another way of experiencing what is already there.

Lighter. Simpler. Less cluttered.

There is no new state to achieve. No peace to preserve. No balance to maintain.

Just the possibility, sometimes, of letting life happen without having to carry it constantly.

Living without a control centre

Life continues to unfold in the same ways. Nothing extraordinary is added. Nothing is taken away either.

But something is no longer experienced in the same way. At work, for example.

The tasks remain the same. So do the constraints. There are still decisions to be made, deadlines to meet, responsibilities to fulfil.

The difference is not in what is done, but in how it is experienced.

Work is no longer carried internally all the time. It is done, then it is undone. It takes up the time it takes up, without colonising the inner space.

Mistakes no longer become personal verdicts. Successes no longer become evidence to defend.

There is simply what is done, when it is done.

In relationships, something also loosens up.

Exchanges continue to be sometimes fluid, sometimes tense. Misunderstandings do not disappear. Emotions remain present.

But there is less internal calculation. Fewer scenarios. Fewer attempts to control the image given or received.

Say yes. Say no. Make mistakes. Recover.

Without having to carry the additional burden of what that says about oneself.

The body, however, is not spared by life.

It tires. It has its pains, its limits, its own rhythms.

But it is no longer experienced as a problem to be constantly managed. Nor as an obstacle to be overcome. Nor as a personal failure.

Sensations appear. They change. They pass.

The body is no longer interpreted as a message to be constantly decoded.

Emotions continue to arise.

Joy. Sadness. Annoyance. Enthusiasm.

They are no longer immediately taken care of by an inner centre responsible for understanding, justifying or correcting them.

They are experienced as movements. Not as identities.

There is no longer any need to wonder what they say about oneself.

And then there is fear.

It is not eradicated. It is not fought.

It can arise in the face of uncertainty, loss, the unknown. But it is no longer carried as a permanent personal alarm. Fear can be there without becoming a problem to be solved. Without immediately calling for a strategy.

It is felt, and then life continues to respond as best it can. In all this, nothing has disappeared.

Work is there. Relationships are there. The body is there. Emotions are there. Fear is there.

But none of this is carried by a centre responsible for managing everything.

There is no longer someone in the middle of the experience trying to hold life at arm's length.

There is simply life being lived, moment by moment.

Without instructions. Without guarantees. But also without the constant weight of having to control everything.

There is nothing to conclude

There is nothing in particular to remember. Nothing to take away. Nothing to apply.

What has been named is not a key. It is not an understanding to be retained. Even less something to be transformed into certainty.

Life does not ask us to understand it better. It does not ask us to learn a lesson from it.

It simply continues.

The days follow one another. Some are fluid. Others are heavier. Sometimes clear. Sometimes confusing.

None of this needs to be corrected.

There may still be fatigue. Doubts. Conflicting emotions. Moments of withdrawal. Moments of enthusiasm too.

Nothing is excluded. Nothing needs to be eliminated.

What may or may not have changed does not need to be verified.

There is no state to recognise. No stability to measure. No progress to note.

Life does not wait for us to know where we stand. It unfolds, whether we understand it or not.

So there is nothing to conclude.

No final sentence. No point of arrival.

And now, life goes on.

Everything is fine

Let thought believe it is alone at the helm

Many people today are not unhappy because their lives are failing, but because they feel solely responsible for everything that happens to them. They carry their thoughts, emotions, choices, failures and doubts as if there were someone at the centre of the experience in charge of managing everything. This way of living causes deep, often silent fatigue, made up of inner tension and discreet struggle.

This book offers no solutions, no methods, no path to follow. It simply names a common misunderstanding: the belief that we are separate entities in control of our lives. Without explaining, without convincing, without seeking to transform, it describes what relaxes when this belief is simply recognised.

These pages can be read in one go or closed at any time.
There is nothing to be gained from them, nothing to be applied, nothing to become.
And then, life goes on.